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MEDITATIONS OF SAMWELL WILKINS

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MEDITATIONS

OF

SAMWELL WILKINS.

A COLLECTION OF
ORIGINAL POEMS, OPINIONS AND PARODIES

By Samwell Wilkins

33

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,
December, 1886.

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CITY OF WASHINGTON

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TO THE

MANY PEOPLE

WHO WILL

BORROW MY BOOK INSTEAD OF BUYING IT,

THIS VOLUME

IS

LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

By way of preface the author merely wishes to offer an humble apology for publishing a book of poems. He really doesn't mean any harm, and is in hopes that he may be permitted to continue his residence in the community without sustaining any serious bodily injury.

Meditations of Samwell Wilkins.

PROVE IT.

Is there ought you would attain?
Prove it.
Anything you'd like to gain?
Prove it.
Any fight you once begin
Never swerve, through thick or thin,
If it's worth your while to win.
Prove it.

If you claim to be a saint,
Prove it.
May-be some will think you ain't.
Prove it.
If you do, not as you would,
But forever as you should —
If you're so extremely good.
Prove it.

Have you any aim in life?
Prove it.
Is the victory worth the strife?
Prove it.
Don't depend on rank or birth,
Rest your claims on solid worth.
If you're any good on earth,
Prove it.

ONIONS.

There is no perfume that I love so well
As onions, fragrant onions.
Creation's most odoriferous smell
Is onions, fragrant onions.
Nature is beautiful, calm, and bright,
From fruitful valley to lofty height,
She would show good sense if she'd only blight
These onions, fragrant onions.

Sometimes when walking the street, you say,
"Onions, fragrant onions!
"Somebody's cooking for dinner to-day
"Onions, fragrant onions."
No flower's pure essence as sweet as they,
No fifty-cent odor could longer stay,
You can smell 'em a couple of blocks away,
Onions, fragrant onions.

I wonder how Providence came to invent
Onions, fragrant onions,
On what dire mission hath nature sent
Onions, fragrant onions?
It seems too bad that an earth so fair
Should nourish and foster with so much care
A plant with a smell that will raise your hair—
Onions, fragrant onions!

TOBACCO.

What power can sanction or can bless
That dirty, filthy cussedness?
What demon, for a fiendish joke,
First taught mankind to chew and smoke?

STORY OF GOOD LITTLE VINCENT.

Young Vincent was a noble boy,
His father's pride, his mother's joy.
All free from arts and false pretense,
A type of guileless innocence.
Surely no healthy boy could be
More noble, pure and true than he—
  So thought his proud paternal.
Now Vincent was a quiet child,
His ways were gentle, manners mild.
Yet sometimes, tired of quiet joys,
He went to play with other boys.
And once or twice this youth sedate
Returned to slumber rather late
  And grieved his kind paternal.
The kind paternal loved his son,
But when by duty called upon
He emphasized his just commands
By literal laying on of hands.
So now about the second time
That Vincent failed to toe the line
The kind paternal said to him.
"My son, I want you to be in
"By eight o'clock, for otherwise
"I must my little son chastise:
"And such a task, you surely know,
"Would hurt your loving papa so."
  Thus spake the grieved paternal.
And noble Vincent said he would,
For well he knew he never could
Endure to see his papa dear
So sadly, deeply grieved.—and here
With spotless handkerchief he dries
A teardrop from his little eyes.
  [He loved his kind paternal.]
Then all went well a week or so,
Till one ill-fated night, when lo!

He played a little bit too late,
And first he knew 'twas half past eight.
He hesitated home to go,
He knew 'twould grieve his papa so,
Then took a friend to stay all night —
Thought that would help him out all right.
The kind paternal, Vincent learned,
From down town had not yet returned.
So, being tired, he quickly led
His friend upstairs, and went to bed.
The company was soon asleep,
But Vincent didn't slumber deep;—
He thought of his paternal.
The kind paternal soon returned.
And asked about his son, and learned
That he had trespassed as before —
Learned merely this and nothing more.
He said, "I'm very grieved to hear
"Of this, for very much I fear
"That, as a parent good and wise,
"I must my little son chastise;
"And I will make the lesson strong,
"So he'll remember deep and long;"—
Thus quoth the grieved paternal.
The company was sound asleep;
But Vincent didn't slumber deep.
He dozed and listened, tossed and dreamed,
And as he slept he ever seemed
To see his father's troubled look.
Then suddenly, all sleep forsook
His eyelids, for while tossing there,
He heard a footstep on the stair.
Now Vincent couldn't bear to see
His fond paternal's misery;
So when he heard that heavy tread
He quickly bounded out of bed
And looked for some secluded spot,
And mourned because he found it not.

He felt around and bumped his head—
Then scrambled underneath the bed.
  [He felt for his paternal.]
The company, unconscious there.
Heard not the footstep on the stair,
But slumbered sweetly, snug and warm,
And never even dreamed of harm.
And while young Vincent rolled and tossed,
No shade *his* peaceful eyelids crossed.
He dreamed of fields and shady nooks,
And birds, and flowers, and babbling brooks,
And several other things that seem
Appropriate subjects for a dream.
  [He grieved for no paternal.]
Then very soon the guest awoke.
His peaceful dream was past.
He woke to find his host had fled,—
A tall, dark form stood by the bed.
He woke to mutter, gape and start,
Then burn, and scream, and shriek and smart!
Ho! martyrs of ye olden time,
Whose deeds are sung in classic rhyme,
Behold this guiltless boy's sad plight,
And weep with pity at the sight.

SONG OF THE COMPANY.

Parent unreasonable,
  Deaf to my cries,
Vincent most treasonable
  Now I despise.
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Weak and alone—
Take me up tenderly,
  Carry me home.

Backward, fly backward,
  O Time, in your flight:

Make me a babe again,
Just for to-night.
Rock me to sleep, mother.
Just as of yore,
I am so weak, mother,
Sad, and so sore.

Then hurry faster,
O Time, in your flight.
Make me a bigger boy,
So I can fight,
He was too innocent,—
Never you fret,—
I'll put a head on him
First chance I get.

SONG OF GOOD LITTLE VINCENT.

I am half asleep and dreaming
Of the fairy shores of light,
All oppression absent seeming.
I can stay out half the night.
But with vigilance eternal
I await the step paternal
On the stair.

I am playing, playing, playing,
On those fairy shores of light,
Through the fragrant clover straying.
Always out with ball and kite.
But I leave those joys supernal
When I hear the step paternal
On the stair.

I am crawling, gently crawling
Underneath my little bed,
On the dusty carpet sprawling.
Gathering cobwebs with my head.
For I think of warmth external,
When I hear my grieved paternal
On the stair.

I am quiet, very quiet,
And my heart is full of love.
As I listen to the riot
On the downy couch above.
I've a sinking void internal
When I hear that step paternal
On the stair.

TWO DIFFERENT CASES.

Home they brought him, slain with spears.
They brought him home at even-fall.
All alone she sits and hears
Echoes in his empty hall.
Sounding on the morrow.
The sun peeped in from open field,
The boy began to leap and prance,
Rode upon his father's lance,
Beat upon his father's shield—
"Oh, hush, my joy, my sorrow."

—*A. Tennyson.*

Home they brought him on a dray,
They brought him home at even-tide.
They said he'd fainted dead away,
His loving helpmate knew they lied.—
"I'll fix him, gents, I thank you."
The son peeped in and saw his pa,
Unconscious there with features swelled.
His symyathies in tears up-welled,—
He faints a good deal, don't he, ma?"
"Oh, hush, or I will spank you."

—*S. Wilkins.*

MOONLIGHT'S CHARM.

Boys,
Were you ever more embarrassed.
Did you ever feel so small—
Ever feel so awful sorry
That you started out at all—
Were you ever more disgusted
Than when, in moonlight's charm,
You were walking with a lady,
And she wouldn't take your arm?

We were going to a social,
Or to something of the kind—
The particular occasion
Has just now escaped my mind—
And the lady seemed to view me
With a sort of mild alarm
When I said, "Miss Tozerboodle,
"May I offer you my arm?"

"Oh, no!" gasped the gentle maiden,
That was every word she said.
Then with both hands in her pockets,
She went scudding on ahead.
Silently I followed after,
In the moonlight's silvery charm,
With both my hands in my pockets,
For she wouldn't take my arm.

As we marched in dumb procession,
Through the shadows dark and drear,
She, where'ere the path was darkest
Looked to see if I was near.
So at last our journey ended,
And I'd like to bet a farm
That she couldn't give a reason
Why she wouldn't take my arm.

Well, we passed a pleasant evening,
  Then I had to see her home.
And to add to that great pleasure,
  We were by no means alone.
And the rest were laughing at us,
  Though I know they meant no harm.
And the girls looked back and giggled
  As they took their escorts' arm.

Oh! that moonlight eve enchanting,
  When I followed on behind!
Oh! that entertaining maiden,
  With the strong, well-balanced mind!
Boys, if you would e'er be happy,
  Flee with undisguised alarm —
Shun the fairest of Earth's daughters,
  If she will not take your arm.

I was never more embarrassed,
  And I never felt so small —
Never felt so awful sorry
  That I started out at all,
Never was I more disgusted
  Than when, in moonlight's charm,
I was walking with a lady,
  And she wouldn't take my arm.

NOT LIVING.

Where's the girl you dream of?
  Where's her simple grace?
Where's her loving nature?
  Where's her charming face?
Where's her form so perfect?
  Where's her silken hair?
Where's her gentle kindness?
  Echo answers, "Where?"

MAUD MULLER.

Millee Maudee Muller.
Bigee warmee day.
Walkee inee meadow,
Muchee lakee hay.

Maudee wellee lazee,
Leanee onee lake,
Gazee towardee citee,
Heartee muchee ache.

Feelee wellee madee,
Face no lookee sweet,
Got no kidee bootee,
Stubble hurtee feet.

She no likee workee,
She no likee hay;
She no singee songee,
Allee longee day.

Judgee wellee thirstee,
Muchee wantee dlink,
Lookee plettee girlee,
Allee samee wink.

Plettee girlee smilee,—
Teethee wellee white.
Judgee longee gazee,—
Headee feelee light.

She no likee workee,—
Likee cuttee dash.
Judgee wellee soffee,—
Muchee gottee cash.

Plettee girlee blushee,—
Singee sweetee song.
Longee lashee droopee,—
Judgee allee gone.

* * * * *

Judgee oldee manee,
Headee wellee white.
Judgee liftee pursee,
Feelee wellee light.

Judgee lookee backee,
Cost too muchee wink.
Witee gone to partee,
Judgee muchee think.

Allee sadee wordee,
Bookee allee pen,
Allee wellee sadee,
Whatee mightee been.

Allee samee worsee,
Girlee lakee hay,
Richee manee lidee,
Better keep away.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

A happy young couple were talking low,
And nobody heard what they said;
And the lady's sister, with stately step,
Was walking along ahead.

And I watched as the little procession moved by,
And she walked with a lofty grace,
And anon she drew a pensive sigh,
With a martyr's look on her face.

I afterward asked her what made her walk
So solemnly on ahead;
Why didn't she join the other two,
And hear what the fellow said?

That girl looked up with a queerish glance,
All self-possessed and cool,
And faintly smiled as she merely said,
"I go by the Golden Rule."

MUSIC.

That music is food to the spirit
Is most undeniably true.
But I frequently think when I hear it
That it's often bad medicine too.
How sweet is a well-rendered ballad
That is eloquent, simple and clear!
But when they strike opera music,
That's what I don't like to hear.

How frequently some giddy actress,
Who really thinks she can sing,
Will get out in front of the curtain
And tears from the audience wring.
Sometimes she will strike a new ballad,
That's decidedly funny and queer.
But the most of them date back to Noah,
And that kind I don't like to hear.

Some remarkably fine prima-donnas,
Who have thoroughly mastered their art,
Will occasionally render some stanzas
In a way to touch anyone's heart.
Sometimes they will wake in their hearers
A chord of true sympathy dear,
But they generally howl bloody murder,
And that's what I don't like to hear.

BAD.

O beautiful oval, thou born of a hen!
How I will praise thee, and welcome thee, when
Cooked to a nicety, luscious and brown:—
How I will smile as I gobble thee down.

But what greets my nose as I open thy shell?
O what is that odor;—that unchristian smell?
Another ambition is laid in the dust,
Another hope blasted, another plan crush'd.

A REPORTER'S DREAM.

I was only a local reporter;
And if I remember it right,
'Twas exceedingly late in the evening
On a beautiful Saturday night;
And my first weekly labor was ended,
And my first weakly salary drawn.
And my time lay at no one's disposal
Till the following Monday morn.

And I sat by my wide-open window,
In the light of the moon's silver beam,
And I sat, and pondered, and nodded,
And I had a most wonderful dream.
And a fairy appeared and he whispered:
"If thou wilt come quickly with me,
"I will show thee the handsomest picture
"It was ever thy fortune to see.

"It is not of a holy Madonna,
"With her eyes sadly gazing on high;
"It is not of a violent martyr,
"Who considers it lovely to die;
"It is not of a dancing-room beauty,
"With her arms and her shoulders bare;
"It is not a remarkable actress,
"With the diamond's gleam in her hair:

"It is not any beautiful palace,
"With its mouldering battlements old;
"It is not of a fairy-like maiden,
"With her glistening tresses of gold;—
"It is none of these forms of beauty,
"But if thou wilt come with me,
"I will show thee the handsomest picture
"It was ever thy fortune to see."

I arose and silently followed,
While the fairy led the way,
And although it was late in the evening,
It appeared but the dawning of day.
And we followed a beautiful footpath,
Keeping silence for some little while,
And we came to some rugged stump fencing,
And a regular old-fashioned stile.

And the fairy then covered me over
With a sort of invisible cloud
Of the kind that the Pious Æneas
Used to have for his Trojan crowd.
And the fairy's best reason for putting
Such a fly-screen on me seemed to be,
So that I might observe all before me,
But that nobody else could see me.

And after repeating some pass-words,
And keeping me there for awhile,
He beckoned to me with his finger,
And I followed him over the stile.
And there, on a shingle, he showed me,
Arranged in a nice little row,
In nickels, and dimes and quarters,
A couple of dollars or so;

And, tapping his hand on the shingle,
He gently inquired of me,
"Now, is not that a rich-looking picture
"As ever you happened to see?"
Well, although all my sympathies fastened
To the newspapers' glorious cause,
Still, being an honest reporter,
I was forced to admit that it was.

But just as I felt sort of pleasant,
An awful reflection it came,
With the force of a certain conviction,
Across my excited brain.

And a hot flood of indignation
Overspread all my feverish brow.
I was terribly harassed in spirit,
And I'm mad when I think of it now,
For, having then still around me
The invisible cloud, you see,
Although I could see all the shekels,
Those shekels they couldn't see me.

I awoke, and long did I ponder—
Why isn't that just the way
With the beauty, the wealth and the grandeur,
We are looking at every day?
They are glistening all around us,
In a brilliant and dazzling crowd,
And the reason we cannot attain them
Is because of the mystical cloud
That the fairy keeps throwing around us.
He is always tormenting us thus,
So that we can see all of the good things,
But the good things cannot see us.

WHEN PATIENCE FAILS.

It seems to me that if I'd done
What to my lot befell,—
That if I'd labored patiently,
And honestly, and well;
It seems to me that if I'd borne
As much as I could bear,—
Had done my very level best
And ne'er got anywhere,—
I'd never plod, with patient step,
Till I was old and gray;
I think I'd gently pull up stakes
And start some other way.

THE UNCLASSICAL COW.

Mr. Cornelius Trudent
Was a high-standing classical student.
He was dignified, proper, and prudent,
  But he never had milked a cow.

One day on a rural excursion,
He mentioned, by way of diversion,
His palate would have no aversion
  To a drink of warm milk from that cow.

The boys, with dire mischief infested,
The company's progress arrested.
Sarcastically then they suggested
  That Trudent should milk the cow.

Then Trudent, with great indignation,
Remarked that a man of his station,
Who had conquered the lore of a nation,
  Would never be beat by a cow.

So Mr. Cornelius Trudent,
The high-standing classical student,
Who was dignified, proper, and prudent,
  Proceeded to tackle the cow.

But the milk, by some evil inspired,
Didn't flow as he might have desired,
And wrathfully then he inquired,
  "What ails this infamous cow?"

Her tail o'er his glasses she flirted,
The milk most irregular spurted,
Then way up his coat-sleeve it squirted—
  That's just the way with a cow.

Now, all ye great men of this nation,
Who are proud of your high situation,
Never think, on account of your station
  That you ever can handle a cow.

HALF-WAY.

The gentle breezes of summer-time
  Blew balmy, fresh, and cool,
With the beaming, gentle, silvery moon
  'Bout half-way to its full.

She sat on her horse in the evening's calm.
  The steed was glossy black.
Her curling tresses hung loose and free.
  'Bout half-way down her back.

The horse's mane was moved by the breeze,
  And waved so light and free.
A squirrel chippered and sassed and chirped
  'Bout half-way up a tree.

A youth approached and touched his hat.
  But not a word he said.
He struck at a skeeter and drove his nose
  'Bout half-way through his head.

The maiden toyed with her riding-whip,
  She hummed a fairy note,
With a little chunk of rubber gum
  'Bout half-way down her throat.

* * * * * * *

Just what this jingle is about
  I guess nobody knows,
But anyway I'll saw it off
  'Bout half-way to its close.

THE CATS.

See the little nursing cats—
Wee, small cats,
With their funny little peepers, that are
blind as little bats!
How they tumble o'er each other
In their little downy nest,
With their infant voices feeble,
Piping up in feline treble,
As they rouse them from their rest.
How they cry, cry, cry,
Till they find their mamma nigh,
Winking with their little peepers, that
are blind as little bats.
Oh, those funny, wee, small, squinting,
tumbling, little nursing cats,
Those exceedingly peculiar little cats!

See the playful, half-grown cats—
Lively cats!
How they cuff a plaything with their
cunning, artful pats!
How they run, and play, and tumble,
With a block, or spool, or ball!
You would think from all the riot
That they never could be quiet,
Or could ever rest at all.
But you peep, peep, peep,
When they're lying fast asleep,
In a little furry bundle on the
parlor's velvet mats.
Oh, those lively, playful, romping,
artful, cunning, half-grown cats!
Those remarkably amusing little cats!

Hear the courting of the cats—
Romantic cats!
Filling all the evening with their
mournful lovers' spats!
How they wrangle, plead, and argue
In the stilly air of night!
On the woodshed promenading,
While the golden stars are fading
In the morning's dawning light.
As they woo, woo, woo,
They are always fighting, too.
They salute the dawning morning with
their mournful lovers' spats.
Oh, those courting, loving, wrangling,
pleading, promenading cats!
Those sparking, moonlight-eve, romantic cats!

See the prim, maternal cats—
Proper cats.
Members of the household and the
death of mice and rats.
How they sit and lick their whiskers,
When with dinner they are through!
How they superintend their kittens,
Like the three that lost their mittens,
And they discipline them, too.
And they purr, purr, purr,
As they smooth their glossy fur,
And they never go out prowling and get
into midnight spats.
They are members of the household, and
are proper, high toned cats,—
Are these prim and dignified maternal cats.

Hear the pugilistic cats—
Thomas cats.
How they breathe defiance in their
grim, nocturnal chats!

Oh, what dreadful threats they utter!
How they spit, and claw, and scratch!
How they rave, and growl, and splutter,
Then with wierd and doleful mutter
Their exhausted breath they catch!
Then they yeowl, yeowl, yeowl,
Oh, that awful, mournful howl
That goes shrieking through the midnight
from the grim nocturnal chats
Of those yeowling, growling, shrieking,
howling cats!
Those ever-pugilistic Tommy-cats!

See the calm, expired cats—
Quiet cats.
Resting, calm and peaceful, from their
many feline spats!
They are lying 'neath the daisies,
In the garden where they fell
When the shot-gun sang their praises,
And their back no more it raises
An intruder to repel.
Resting deep, deep, deep,
In their last eternal sleep,
They're a splendid fertilizer for the
roses and the grapes.
We can sleep, sleep, sleep,
For we know they'll silence keep,
And we waken not at midnight, long
to listen to their chats.
Oh, I love those quiet, resting, sleeping,
calm, and peaceful cats!
Love those solemn, silent, deeply-buried cats!

Requies-cat in pace!

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

In the bleak month of March,
When the water pipes thaw,
A young lady attempted
Some cord-wood to saw,
And her motions were rather surprising.

I was sawing some wood,
When she chanced to pass by,
And, stopping a moment,
Thought she'd like to try—
And didn't want any advising.

So she took the buck-saw
In her delicate grasp,
And proceeded the two
Farther corners to clasp
With a tenderness truly pathetic.

Then she tackled the stick,
But the saw wouldn't work,
So she shut both her eyes,
And she gave it a jerk
In a way that was real energetic.

I said that my humble
Experience had found
That the saw would work better,
The other way round:—
She resented the least interference.

So exceedingly tight
Were the sleeves of her gown
That her arms wouldn't bend,
So she jumped up and down
As she labored with grim perseverance.

She finished that stick
Quick as any one could,
But I hardly believe
That sawing cord-wood
  Is a woman's most blest occupation.

It might do to lecture,
Or vote (if she could),
But when she goes farther
And tries to saw wood,
  She's infringing on predestination.

MUCHNESS.

In this great and mighty nation
I has got a situation
In a high and lofty station,
  See Me! Big Injun!! Whoop!!!

True, I hasn't got much learnin',
But for books I isn't yearnin',
I has got the cash for certain;
  See Me! Big Injun!! Whoop!!!

Upward still my friends they shove me,
And the ladies they all love me,
There is nothing much above me,
  See Me! Big Injun!! Whoop!!!

As I flings the dimes and dollars,
All the crowd behind me follers,
Then I turns around and hollers,
  See Me! Big Injun!! Whoop!!!

POLICE! POLICE!!

There was once a little urchin
With a face so pale and thin,
Caught in open misdemeanor,
And a blue-coat ran him in.

"Little urchin, you were drinking."
Said the blue-coat, tall and grim.
"Drinking! O you little rascal!"
And the blue-coat ran him in.

"Please, sir," whined the little urchin,
"I didn't know it was no sin
To do what I seen p'leecemen doin',"
But the blue-coat ran him in.

"Little urchin, you were fighting,
"You and dirty little Jim;
"Which of you began the rumpus?"
And the blue-coat ran him in.

"Neither of us 'gan no rumpus,
"We got mad and waded in
"Just like any big policeman."
And the blue-coat ran him in.

"What d'ye mean, ye little urchin,
"You so dirty, small, and slim,
"Acting up so bad this morning?"
And the blue-coat ran him in.

"Please, sir," sobbed the little urchin,
"I didn't mean to do no sin,
"I was playin' be policeman."
And the blue-coat ran him in.

REST.

When we're tired of labor and worry,
And tired of the wear and the tear,
When we're tired of hustle and hurry,
And tired of business and care;
When we're tired of people and passions,
And tired of custom's behest,
When we're tired of duties and fashions,
Then we seek for a place of rest.

But no matter how footsore and weary,
No matter how much we have borne,
No matter how lonesome and dreary,
No matter how tired and worn;
No matter how strong be our spirit,
No matter how eager our zest,
We may sometimes imagine we're near it,
But still cannot find our rest.

We may go from the eastern culture
To the wilds of the western plain,
We may go from the ranches of Texas
To the lumber-camps of Maine —
We may cross o'er either ocean,
We may go from the east to the west,
We can find all sorts of pleasure,
But we never can find a rest.

We may search where the zephyrs are mildest,
Or search where the wretched weep,
We may search where the tumult is wildest,
Or search in the calmest sleep;
We may search from the fast to the slowest,
Or search from the worst to the best,
We may search from the high to the lowest,
And we find that life has no rest.

But, perhaps, when our strength is expended.
  Perhaps when our labor is done,
Perhaps when this life shall be ended
  There may be a better one.
Perhaps there may be a bright gateway
  That leads to a land of the blest.
And if we may enter that portal
  Perhaps we shall there find rest.

GIGGLE.

I'm a maiden, pert and witty,
I am young, and rather gritty,
And I guess I'm very pretty.—
  At least so the fellows say.
But sometimes I have to giggle,
With a silly giggle, giggle,
And I giggle, giggle, giggle,
  And I can't stop anyway.

Sometimes I begin to giggle
Just because I have to giggle:
And if you don't like to giggle,
  Please don't think me much to blame.
For when I begin to giggle
I just giggle, giggle, giggle,
And I don't know why I giggle.
  But I giggle, just the same.

Then I think I mustn't giggle,
And I sober down my giggle:
But the first I know I giggle
  Till I simply can't sit still.
And I giggle, giggle, giggle
Till I haven't strength to wiggle.
Girls all sometimes have to giggle,
  And I think they always will.

ONE LITTLE BUMBLE-BEE AND I.

SUGGESTED BY CELIA THAXTER'S "LITTLE SANDPIPER."

In a hollow log a nest,
A little hatchet flourished high.
The little bumble-bees protest,
Rousing from the oak leaves dry.
Away soar quickly all the rest,
To meet the summer's azure sky.
We promenaded two abreast —
One little bumble-bee and I.

Balmy was the summer air —
Bright the clouds across the sky,
The trees stood grim and sombre there.
A light breeze moved their branches high.
High up through the balmy air
I watched the other bumbles fly.
We had a little love affair —
One little bumble-bee and I.

I tried my feelings to repress.
I heard his low and pleading cry.
I traveled pretty fast, I guess,
But little bumbles love to fly.
He paid to me his fond address,
He viewed me with a fearless eye
Our lips met close in a hot caress —
Our little bumble-bee and I.

O pleasure of a first romance,
That no restraint doth mollify!
Oh, the bright and fearless glance,
That flashes from a lover's eye!
With feelings strong we leap and dance.
Alone beneath the summer sky.
Alone in the forest's vast expanse —
One little bumble-bee and I.

A ROBIN.

A little cock-robin sat high on a tree
And sang as merry as merry could be.
'Twas a hay-seed robin, with speckled face.
And the town was a robins' watering place.

But the season was o'er and the birds had flown.
Each one to his warmer southern home.
So the countrified robin sat high on a tree.
And a free wild song of the woods sang he.

And a nice little robin just over the way
Had chirped as she listened to his wild lay.
For the gay dude-robins had all gone home,
And she felt it was wearisome there alone.

But he listened to all that the charmer said
And he raised one foot and he scratched his head.
And he wondered if, when the dude-birds came.
This lovely chirper would chirp the same.

And the little cock-robin sat still on his tree.
And a very peculiar wink winked he.
And he warbled not, and never a note
Of triumph came from his little throat.

But he closed one eye in a queerish way,
And a butterfly listening heard him say,
"There'll be stronger robins, with redder breasts,
"And prouder robins with taller crests,
"So I'll keep sort of scarce until they come again
"And I'll see how this nice little chirper chirps then."

NASBY'S HANNAH JANE

One gloomy Sunday afternoon, when no one
was at home,
I rummaged through the bookcase in a
manner of my own.
I found an old newspaper where for years it
must have lain,
And the first-page, lengthy poem was
Nasby's "Hannah Jane."

I sat right down there on the floor and
read that poem through.
I was deeply moved with pity, but I
felt disgusted, too.
I can't imagine how a man with healthy
heart and brain
Could let his wife be such a slave as
Nasby's Hannah Jane.

Such sacrifice is noble, but 'tis
doubtful kindness still,
For when you reach success at last, and
stand on top the hill,
The pleasure must, it seems to me, be
turned to bitter pain,
To see your wife still in the ditch, like
Nasby's Hannah Jane.

There is a class of women who are
always just like this—
So awful good they make a man feel
meaner than he is.

No sacrifice too great to make — they're
noble, that is plain,
But they themselves refuse to rise — like
Nasby's Hannah Jane.

Such women are too saintly, and their
duty over-rate,
And while they have our pity, still they
do exasperate.
No true man wants such sacrifice for
his own selfish gain,
No true man wants a drudging slave, like
Nasby's Hannah Jane.

CASH.

What is it that's not sung in verse,
Yet can all sentiment disperse?
What is it rules the universe?
Cash.

What compensates for lack of brains?
What covers up the blackest stains
And lofty eminence attains?
Cash.

And if you would a maiden woo,
And must competitors outdo,
What makes the old gent smile on you?
Cash.

But what, although of evil name,
And of all rogueish tricks the aim,
Is mighty handy, just the same?
Cash.

VERY PLEASANT.

Of all the balmy places
That a boy was ever in,
The one with most surprises
And features new to him,
When a startling panorama
To his youthful gaze unfurls,
Is when he first commences
To shine around the girls.

If there come an entertainment,
And you ask one girl to go,
You can bet your bottom dollar
That the rest of them will know
The day and hour you asked her,
Whether you called or wrote,
And nine or ten most intimate
Will read your little note.

There is something very soothing
And consoling in the thought,
As experiments have shown you
And experience has taught,
There is one thing very certain.—
Howsoever sly you act,
If you ever get the mitten
The town will know the fact.

If you hear a girl a-pining
To attend a certain dance,
Never draw a rash conclusion
From this little circumstance.
That girl wants some special fellow.
You can't always tell just who.
But it's very safe to reckon
That she doesn't pine for you.

If you seek the younger ladies
You'll be very apt to learn
That their grim paternal ancients
Are particularly stern.
How I love these grim paternals.
Who are always stiff and tame.
And who keep their pretty daughters
In a little crystal frame.

Girls will show to one another
Notes and invitations too:
And a fact you think they don't know
Is exactly what they do.
What with likings and dislikings—
What with "papas" grim and stern.
When you first attack the ladies
You've an *awful* sight to learn.

For of all the balmy places
That a boy was ever in,
The one with most surprises
And features new to him,
When a startling panorama
To his youthful gaze unfurls,
Is when he first commences
To shine around the girls.

PUBLIC TEST.

You never can tell what a feller will do,
You never can find his worse flaw,
Till you get him set up in some high public
place
And tickle his ribs with a straw.

THE POET'S LOT.

[Kalamazoo Gazette, 1885.]

When the editor's a prey to indigestion, indigestion,
And his liver isn't working worth a cent, worth a cent,
When he gives a gruff reply to every question, every question,
And in grumbling o'er his woes his time is spent, time is spent—

Then the poet makes some verses, and he writes 'em, and he writes 'em,
And he brings 'em to the office when they're done, when they're done,
And the editor takes a club and smites 'im, club and smites 'im—
Oh, the poet's lot is not a happy one, happy one,
The poet's lot is not a happy one!

THE POET'S LOT.

(LOT NO. 2.)

When the poet's heated blood has been a-boiling, been a-boiling,
And his midnight oil has been a-burning low, burning low,
When the poet has been faithfully a-toiling, and a-toiling,
While the editor is taking in the show, in the show—

Then he renovates his verses with correction on correction.
And he takes 'em to the office when they're done, when they're done,
And he leaves 'em there to wait the chief's inspection, chief's inspection,
And the office devil burns 'em every one, every one—
No, the poet's lot is not a happy one, happy one,
The poet's lot is not a happy one.

A DUDE.

A dude from Chicago went north one July,
Ah, there!
This dandy dude's collar was three inches high.
Ah, there!
His cuffs were too long, and his gloves were too light,
His mouth was too big and his hands were too white,
His hat was too tall and his pants were too tight,
Ah, there!

This dude from Chicago went out for a ride
Ah there!
Of a mean little mustang he sat him astride,
Ah there!
The pony, when spurred, like a wild spirit fled,
But soon made a halt, stood the dude on his head,
And a wicked young cub in a meat wagon said,
"Ah there."

PETERKIN SHADOW.

My name it is Peterkin Shadow.
  My life is of infinite length.
And a few certain directions
  I am gifted with infinite strength.

I am usually called a hobgoblin.
  For although all creation I see.
So airly is my constitution.
  That nobody ever saw me.

In this great dismal valley of darkness
  They are all sometimes troubled with ills.
And to every sorrowing mortal.
  I'm the little hobgoblin that fills

The office of private adviser—
  I always keep close to their side.
And whenever their troubles oppress them.
  In me they can always confide.

I'm a distant relation of conscience.
  Though I'm usually not so obscure.
And whenever they follow my teachings.
  Of success they are tolerably sure.

When to my ears these sorrowing mortals
  Relate all their troubles and cares.
I listen in peace to their wailings.
  And then help them out unawares.

I'm a curious little hobgoblin.
  I am usually prompt with advice.—
Of my words I'm remarkably saving.
  My warnings are very concise.

They dawn on man's mental vision
In the calmness that follows a storm.
When the tempest of wrath is subsiding.
And his mental blast-furnace is warm.

For you know when a man gets excited.
And he dare not give vent to his mind.
Then he raves at poor Peterkin Shadow.
And in that he can generally find

A vent for the wrath and the tempest
His fiercely-wrought passion has fed.
And then if he's sharp he'll discover
A few new ideas in his head.

It's to me a man grumbles when something
Does'nt suit his fastidious whim.
it's to me he lets out his ill temper.
Because I never grumble at him.

It is true that some wives get the thunder.
That man's will has kept silent when he
Had a set-to with some one in the business.
But he always *should* thunder at me.

For the wives have enough to distress them.
Without getting the full benefit
Of the temper he conquered in business.
Whereas I never mind it a bit.

So when all your will-power is excited.
When you're cornered too awfully tight.
When you've got your American blood up.
And are getting good ready to fight.

Don't you cave, or back down, or surrender,
To keep peace, or for quietude's sake,
But consult little Peterkin Shadow
About the direction to take.

In whatever of grief or affliction,
In whatever of doubt or despair,
No one ever looked sternly about him,
But what Peterkin Shadow was there.

Against folly and foolish self-damage
I'm the surest and strongest defense,
And no mortal should e'er overlook me—
I'm his keen-witted, best common sense.

BUTTERMILK.

When the mercury is high,
When our blood begins to fry,
When our temper's all awry,
Give us buttermilk.

When the banquet board is spread,
When the sparkling wine is red,
Give us something cool instead.—
Pass the buttermilk.

Whether at the desk or plow,
It will cool your heated brow:
Make arrangements with your cow
To give buttermilk.

DETERMINATION.

Some men rise to fortune's hight
And purple raiment wear,
And some men run clear off the track
And don't get anywhere.
But if you've watched the crowd, you've
found
That in this Yankee nation,
The men who rise all gain their ground
By grim determination.

With all unpleasant epithets
Your enemies will dub you.
And little men will say you're vain,
And older men will snub you.
But keep right on the way you please.
In your own occupation:
The only way to reach the top
Is by determination.

Keep calm and quiet, don't get wild,
Press on, serene and steady;
Whate'er you want that's right will come
When you yourself are ready.
Whate'er of good you seek to gain,
Whate'er of fame or station,
You'll win it if you keep your course
With cool determination.

ADVICE.

Go, do as I have did:
  Invite a girl to go
To some church social festival,
  Or strictly moral show;
Then sit around and sweat, and stew,
  And wait for her to answer you.

Go, get as I have got:
  A note, so neat and prim,
That "Papa thinks that if I go
  "I'd better go with him."
Then, of her company bereft,
  Go tell yourself that you got left.

Go hear, as I have heard,
  Some pretty damsels say
"If he's too tight to bring a girl,
  "He'd better stay away."
Then, in a state of mind serene,
  Go eat your lonesome dish of cream.

Go sit, as I have sot,
  And watch the crowd perform,
And see that same girl walk away
  On another fellow's arm;
Then go you home at half past nine,
  And say you had a splendid time.

Go see, as I have saw,
  The girls don't like your style,
But don't go off and kill yourself,
  Just wait a little while.
You might servive a day or two
  If none of them should smile on you.

Go think, as I have thunk,
You're not a ladies' man,
But if you just behave yourselt,
And do the best you can,
There's a crown for your labors and
peace for your lot,
Whether the ladies all love you or
not.

TWO VERSES.

BY TWO GREAT POETS.

Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty river
Leave our young blossoms to die,
Let him roll smooth in his current forever,
Till the last pebble is dry.

—*Ollirer Wendell Holmes.*

This little license to roll on forever
Is generous, kind, and well meant:
But Time is quite able to run his own river,
And never asked Holmes' consent.

—*Samwell Jeheb Wilkins.*

POE'S RAVEN.

How distinctly I remember, late one evening
last November.
I was sitting on a barrel that the moonlight
gloated o'er—
'Twas an empty cider barrel and was useful
now no more—
Worthless, now, forevermore.

As a few lone stars were blinking, I betook
myself to thinking,
And I thought of that old raven Edgar Poe
has told about—
That was quite a high old raven Mr. Poe
has told about.
I kept thinking, thinking, thinking, as those
stars kept blinking, blinking,
And the more I thought about it, I was more
and more in doubt;
Edgar's logic knocked me out.

And I found no explanation to that curious
situation—
Here's the lamp upon the table, and the raven
on the door.
And the lamplight o'er him streaming threw
his shadow on the floor.
Think of where the lamp was sitting and
you cannot help admitting
'Twas an awful crooked shadow to have ever
reached the floor.
'Twas a hump-backed, cross-eyed shadow if it
ever saw the floor.

So I sought a clear solution to that shadow's
dire confusion,
And my only strong conclusion was that Edgar
had the snakes.
I am sure he had been drinking and he
must have had the snakes.
So perhaps the raven, sitting on the cornice,
never flitting,
With its fiery eyes a-burning into Edgar's
bosom core
Was the whiskey he'd been drinking just before
he fell to thinking
Of his lovely lost Leonore.
It was bug-juice, evermore.

Or perhaps the maiden, deeming such a fellow
too demeaning,
Had preferred to share the fortunes of the
friends who'd gone before,
And had perished, broken-hearted, as fair
maids have done before.
Maybe he disgraced and slighted till she felt
her life was blighted
And her lonely soul, benighted, wandered to
a fairer shore.
Maybe Edgar's drinking killed her, as it has
killed girls before.
It was benzine, evermore.

Get most anybody frisky on a quart or two
of whiskey,
And he'd think he saw some shadows, or some
ravens, or some floors,
And the lamps would get befuddled, and the
shadows awful muddled.

And he'd see one crazy raven perched on
forty-leven doors;
And he wouldn't know a shutter from a dozen
lost Leonores.

It is my profound opinion that if Poe had
kept dominion
O'er his brains and o'er his reason, as they
used to be of yore.—
That if he had been less frisky and had guzzled
down less whiskey
He'd have never seen that raven on the bust
above his door.
Very likely that same evening he'd been on
a bust before,
And got sober—nevermore.

"FUN."

There's lots of ways of having fun,
Peculiar to the boys
That no one else appreciates,
And no one else enjoys.
There are lots of little monkeyshines
In which the boys take part,
That are not so very awful bad,
Nor yet so very smart.

A GIDDY GIRL.

(REVISED FROM AN OLD READER.)

A giddy girl I am indeed,
And little do I know.
Much mother's care I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow;
If I would ever hope to do
Things common, useful, good and true.

There's nothing I can do, I know,
To earn my daily bread:
I can not bake, or sweep, nor sew;
And yet I must be fed;
But if I try, I think I may
Learn just a little day by day.

I think I'd best begin at once
To do what good I may.
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk, and laugh, and dress and prink,
And dance, and flirt, and never think.

I'll just begin this very hour
To act upon this plan.
What little brains I have to spare,
I'll use them while I can.
If to learn something thus I try,
I may be some good by and by.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

I read a little while ago,
A piece that made me weep.
Some gushing poet thinks we all
In darksome graves will sleep:
And ne'er will come a gentle hand
To smooth our pallid brow.
He says there'll nothing be the same
A hundred years from now.

And in the main I think him right,
The world must move ahead,
And new-found facts must be brought out
And new ideas spread.
Progressive science will the world
With better thoughts endow.
There's little here will be the same
A hundred years from now.

A hundred years, and all we love
Will sleep beneath the sod,
And different men, in different ways
The paths of life will plod.
But if I live until that time
And try to milk a cow,
She'll kick me over *just the same.*
A hundred years from now.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Willie was his mamma's joy.
Mamma loved her little boy.
He was gold without alloy—
Brave little man.
Willie used to go and play,
Mamma said how long to stay,
More than that he'd never stray—
Sweet little lamb.

Willie played at pitch the knife,
Willie used to lead the strife,
Couldn't miss to save his life,
Brave little man.
Others for that peg might root
With their noses black as soot.
Noble fun did Willie suit,
Sweet little lamb.

What made the boys love Willie so?
He was pure as drifted snow
While their mugs were black with woe.
Brave little man.
Willie did the time beguile
Calm and peaceful all the while,
With his lovely little smile,
Sweet little lamb.

Oh how pure was Willie's mirth
When his friends, of vulgar birth
Rooted in the rotten earth!
Brave little man.

Oh how vulgar was their joy,
When this lovely little boy
Missed, and must his teeth employ,
Poor little lamb!

How they howled with fiendish glee
As they drove that peg, for he
Was so proper nice, you see
Brave little man.
He was equal, never fear,
To the trial, little dear
Never waved or faltered here,
Sweet little lamb.

Willie must obey the rule,
So went home, so clean and cool,
To prepare for Sunday School,
Brave little man.
While his playmates howled for gore,
Raved and cussed, and ripped and tore
Willie read the Scriptures o'er,
Sweet little lamb.

NOT PATENTED.

There's lots of patent almanacs
That claim to speak the truth,
Which tell about the patent things
To keep the bloom of youth;
But just about the best receipt
For keeping human buds,
The best and surest Fount of Youth
Is good soap suds.

A POSSIBLE LOSS.

Air of old song, "When the red, rosy morn grows bright, love," etc.

How often have I wondered if you knew, love,
When 'neath the bright and shining stars
we've strayed,
What an awful sight of cash I've spent on you,
love,
And couldn't help but wonder if it paid.

CHORUS.

For if another shineth up to thee, love,
And if with him you're happy and content,
Then you're all right, but as for me, love,
Oh, where are all the shekels I have spent?

We all will waste a portion of our pearls, love,
On whatsoever sport each one enjoys,
I much prefer to waste them on the girls, love,
To going on a bender with the boys.

CHORUS.

But if another buzzeth up to thee, love,
And if with him thou'rt happy and content,
Then you're all right, but as for me, love,
Oh, where are all the shekels I have spent?

A stingy fellow always is a churl, love,
I like to see the money flowing free,
But why exhaust my income on a girl, love,
Until I know she won't go back on me?

CHORUS.

For if another smileth upon thee, love,
And if with him you're happy and content,
Then *he's* all right, but as for me, love,
Oh, where are all those shekels I have spent?

STRAIGHT THROUGH.

As life's uneven path we walk,
Our weary pilgrimage
Is full of sloughs of every sort,
From cradle to old age.
We should not try to dodge them all,
We're cowards if we do.
The only square and manly course
Is *right straight through.*

Although we try to live in peace,
And strive with all our might,
We run against disturbances,
And then we have to fight.
Be ever kind and courteous,
Disturbances eschew;
But when one tries to knock you down
Go *right straight through.*

Although we keep with even step
The tenure of our way,
We all get into fights enough,
Be peaceful as we may.
There are exceptions to the rule
But I tell you
The best way out of most of them
Is *right straight through.*

MY MOTHER'S COOKIES.

How dear to this heart is the clear recollection
Of Saturday bakings when I was a child!
How I watched the proceedings with keenest inspection,
And danced round the table in ecstacy wild!
But dearer than all the nice things they were making,
And watched with the most unaccountable greed,
Were the cookies that formed the last part of the baking,—
My mother's white cookies with caraway seed;
Those white sugar cookies, my mother's best cookies,
Those dear little cookies with caraway seed.

I remember just how they mixed sugar and butter,
Then stirred all the other ingredients in:
How the circles were stamped with the tin cookie-cutter
When the dough had been rolled till sufficiently thin.
With how great dispatch was their quality proven!
Their flavor was tried with what wonderful speed
When, steaming and fragrant they came from the oven,—
My mother's white cookies with caraway seed.
Those white sugar cookies, my mother's best cookies,
Those dear little cookies with caraway seed.

The year's hurry onward, and, little no
longer,
I gave up the pleasure of watching them
bake.
A tall, awkward school-boy, developing strong-
er,
To soberer problems of life I awake.
But when, after studying all I was able,
O'er problems to cipher, and Latin to read,
How sweet to come home, and to find on the
table
A batch of fresh cookies with caraway seed!
Then I sampled those cookies, my mother's
best cookies,
Those dear little cookies with caraway seed.

As toward the great Future the fleet years are
speeding,
As new thoughts come crowding our minds,
thick and fast;
The new pictures room in our memories need-
ing,
The old ones are lost and forgotten at last.
But though time may some dear remembrances
sever,
Though age may the clearness of memory
impede,
Still *they* will be fresh in my memory ever,
My mother's white cookies with caraway seed.
Those white sugar cookies, my mother's best
cookies,
Those dear little cookies with caraway seed.

BOOK AGENTS NEVER DIE.

Book agents never die,
  E'en though they fade.
Thin cheek and falcon eye
  Deathless were made.
What though the summer day
Passeth at eve away,
Still doth the agent stay
  Into the night.

Book agents never die —
  Haven't time to rest.
Oh, how like sin they lie
  When they're at their best!
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
They come a thousand times,
And in all years and climes,
  Distant and near.

Book agents never die —
  Guess they never will.
If in the grave they lie
  They could not keep still.
Many a daisy spring,
Many a truthless thing,
Still doth the agent sing,
  Bright to the last.

BEFORE ELECTION.

Why is it that the wealth don't pour
As freely after as before?
Why is it every man you meet
Will smile, and bow, and want to treat
Before election?

The candidate who seeks to beat
Takes any means to shun defeat.
To tell each other's faults they try,
And, Holy Moses! how they lie,
Before election!

But afterward some faces wear
A little trace of grief and care.
Cigars rest in men's pockets, hid,
And don't pop out just like they did
Before election.

Before that time all men enjoy
To smile on every growing boy.
They call 'em "Mister," slighting none,
For some boys might be twenty-one
Before election.

According to the scenes they paint
Each candidate's a perfect saint,
A villain each competitor.
They say all's fair in love or war,
Before election.

It's just these little dirty tricks
That make a farce of politics.
Go search Burns' writings all you can.
He never said that "Man's a man
"Before election."

KEPT BLOWING.

The editor sat in his office there,
  Scribbling his daily scribble.
A mouse in the corner, under the chair
  Was nibbling his daily nibble.
Pencils were were working and all was still.
  Locals were silently flowing.
The curtain kept flapping against the sill,
  And the cold north wind kept blowing.

A book-agent came with a stately tread.
  His style it was very aggressive.
A glittering stove-pipe adorned his head.
  His manner was very impressive.
He spoke of his new and most wonderful book.
  His words were impassioned and glowing.
The editor gave him a pitying look,
  And the cold north wind kept blowing.

He opened his book and went on to relate
  In regard to the illustrations,
The cost of each picture proceeded to state
  With blandishing machinations.
The work was one every man should buy;
  It was full of great facts worth knowing.
The editor sighed with a deep-drawn sigh,
  And the cold north wind kept blowing.

The book was a wonder, the book-agent said,
  All knowledge and wisdom including.
A gutteral mutter was gently heard,
  And presently came protruding

From under the table a big black head,
And the canine's wrath was glowing.
"S–s–sick–'im, Carlo," the editor said,
And the cold north wind kept blowing.

STICK TO IT.

When you once begin a thing,
Stick to it.
Grit alone success will bring.
Stick to it.
Though your place be not as high,
If with all your strength you try.
There's promotion by and by.
Stick to it.

Are you apt at anything?
Stick to it.
Can you write, or draw, or sing?
Stick to it.
Rise among the lofty few,
Don't you stop or fizzle through.
You'll regret it if you do—
Stick to it.

Have you work you hate and dread?
Stick to it.
Surely there is light ahead.
Stick to it.
Never falter, never stop,
Never let your courage drop.
Some day you'll come out on top.
Stick to it.

ROMANCE.

Who, living in grim solitude,
One day his lonely lot reviewed,
And plans for brighter future brewed?
Josiah.

And who, in private mental strife,
Bemoaned the ills of single life,
And thought about a second wife?
Josiah.

Who, in a state of mild despair,
Then blacked his boots and combed his hair
To go and see his lady fair?
Josiah.

Who got into his Sunday clothes,
Put in his button-hole a rose,
And brushed his teeth, and blew his nose?
Josiah.

Who, deftly wielding Cupid's dart
And wooing with most subtle art,
Beseiged the lovely Sarah's heart?
Josiah.

Now Sarah's heart was all a-glow
And what to do she didn't know.
She said, "Oh, dear! don't urge me so,
"*Josiah*."

But yielding soon to Cupid's sway.
She promised, ere he went away,
To love, and honor, and obey
Josiah.

"For she who stops a stream with sand.
"Or fetters flame with flaxen band.
"Has yet a harder task to prove
"By firm resolve to conquer—"
Josiah.

TOO SWEET.

A kitten looked up with a sanctified grin
Singing "Birdie, nice birdie, sweet birdie."
When the robin descended she gobbled him in
Singing "Birdie, nice birdie, sweet birdie.
It is so with the compliments some people pay
If we loiter a little we can't get away;
And the cold iron bars of our prison still say
"Nice birdie, dear birdie, sweet birdie."

PRACTICAL FARMING.

I'll tell you how I'd run a farm,
If I were a farmer.
'Tis not that I would ever know
A cabbage from a 'tater row.
'Tis not that I could ever tell
What things were going ill, or well.
'Tis not that I am thinking now
To sheath the pen and wield the plow.
'Tis not that I've a better way
To harvest wood, or cradle hay.
I'll tell you, just because I feel
That all our farmers' woe or weal
Depends upon the good advice,
The novel plans, the ways precise,
The useful hints and patent schemes,
The lofty thoughts and fairy dreams
Of literary scribes who tell
The newest ways of farming well.
I like them, and I, too, I think,
Could run a farm — with pen and ink.
So now I'll tell my plans to you.
I know exactly what I'd do —
If I were a farmer.

I'd have no use for milking pails,
If I were a farmer.
I'd have a vat in each cow's stall
And run small pipes, so each and all
Would furnish her own proper share
To fill a ponderous tankard, where
These small conductors all would end.
And to that tank my cans I'd send.
I wouldn't have to milk by hand.
Inventive genius would expand

Until I'd struck some happy plan
For steel to work instead of man.—
Until I'd found some patent thing
To do the milking. So I'd bring
My dairy business down so fine
No cows would pay as well as mine—
If I were a farmer.

I wouldn't have such dirty pigs,
If I were a farmer.
It isn't healthy for their blood.
To get all dirt, and dust, and mud.
I'd give them water in their shed
To wash before they went to bed.
I'd make their bath-tub good and big,
And every hog and little pig
Would wash his face and have it clean
Before at breakfast he'd be seen.
No pig would crowd, or push, or squeal,
Or make a noise at any meal.
But all would strictly toe the line
Like very proper, high-toned swine.
And they would all be clean and white,
And sweet, and genteel, and polite.
I'd teach them facts, and you just bet
I'd make my pigs learn etiquette.
If I were a farmer.

I wouldn't have to hunt for eggs
If I were a farmer.
I wouldn't have them scattered 'round
In shaky lofts, and on the ground.
I'd have a patent egg-crate made
And hens would go there when they layed.
I'd have a nest with slide in place
To drop each egg in each square space.

And each maternal, well-bred hen
Would mount this great contrivance when
It seemed her duty so to rest
Upon a downy, feathered nest.
And hens would stand in solemn line
To wait their turn and proper time.
And every hen, when she had staid
Serene until an egg she'd laid,
Would quote some solemn, fitting text,
And clamber down, and holler "Next!"
I'd never hunt for eggs, you see.
I'd have the eggs all brought to me.
If I were a farmer.

There's lots of other things I'd change
If I were a farmer.
I'd march my sheep to no small brook
And work to see how white they'd look,
Then march them home, a mile or more,
Till they were blacker than before.
I'd wash them with soap suds and steam,
And shear them with a lawn machine.
I'd keep my stock all clean and neat.
From rose-wood tables they should eat.
I'd keep their combs on little shelves
And make my horses groom themselves.
They might as well accomplish that
As easily as does a cat.

So now, foresooth, I've told to you
The way I'd scheme, and what I'd do.
I've told you, just because I feel
That all our farmers' woe or weal
Depends upon the good advice,
The novel plans, the ways precise,
The useful hints, the patent schemes,
The lofty thoughts and fairy dreams

Of literary scribes who tell
The latest ways of farming well,
I like them, and I too, I think,
Could run a farm — with pen and ink—
If I were a farmer.

TO HASH.

Where thou groweth
No man knoweth,
To be sure.
Thou art mystery,
And thy history
Is obscure.

If Eve, demented,
Thee invented,
She was rash.
Wasn't thou born in
Eden's garden,
O, thou hash?

O it's wearing!
All my daring
Gone to smash.
Cautious growing,
Merely knowing
Thou art hash.

Guileless seeming,
Thou art steaming,
Tempting hot.
Thus I greet thee.
Shall I eat thee?
I guess not.

MARKS ON THE WALL.

In an office in a city,
  Where they had a lady clerk.
Came a spectacled reporter
  Where the lady was at work.
And upon the radiator,
  And upon the wall near by.
Gathered thick the dust of ages
  And was suffered there to lie.

And upon the radiator,
  Covered thickly but for that.
There were found two dustless patches.
  Where two people might have sat.
And about two feet above it,
  Where the heads were apt to fall,
In that darksome dust of ages,
  There were marks upon the wall.

And those marks upon the plaster.
  By some subtle fairy art,
Had assumed a queer position.
  Just a half an inch apart.
It was all a bit peculiar,
  But the strangest thing of all
And the hardest to account for,
  Were those marks upon the wall.

Though the wisdom of the ages
  On that point be brought to bear,
Though our scientific sages
  Study it with earnest care,

E'en though all the world may ponder
Until Gabriel's trumpet-call,
Still the world will always wonder
How those marks came on the wall.

SEA–SICK.

Briny Ocean, e'er we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart.
Give me back my walking-gear,
Give me back my breakfast dear.
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest.
Overboard my feelings go.
Oh, my stomach, Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

Briny Ocean, heaving high,
Kiss me once, and let me die.
I've an awful gone-ness now.
There are cold drops on my brow.
Angry Ocean, rolling by,
Wash me in, and let me die.
Overboard my feelings go.
Oh, my stomach, Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

Briny Ocean, let me rest
On thy highest billow's crest.
Keep me from this sinking woe.
To thy lowest depths I go.
As thou rollest, dark and blue.
I am sinking way down through.
Overboard my feelings go.
Oh, my stomach! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

Briny Ocean, still thy tide.
As thou rock'st from side to side
How I wish that I were dead.
Then thou stand'st me on my head.
Ocean, rock me not to sleep
In thy cradle of the deep.
Overboard my feelings go.
Oh, my stomach! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

Briny Ocean, let me go.
Why dost torture people so?
If I'm ever safe on shore
I will travel thee no more.
Oh, but I can't wait to land!
Kill me now, while here I stand.
Overboard my feelings go.
Oh, my stomach, Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

GONE.

Where, O where are the rinks and the rollers
That used to be such a wild rage?
Gone, with the rubbish of Life's panorama,—
Fired back under the stage.

Where, O where is the rush and the tumble
The terrible rumble and roar?
Gone, like a kitten that's hit with a brickbat—
Faded, to blossom no more.

Where, O where is that loud, rolling thunder,
The sprawling, the chalk-dust, and strife?
Gone, where the grasshoppers go in the winter—
Up the tin eavespout of life.

PRESTO CHANGO !

Sempronius Prigg and Miltiades Piso
Were invited one night to a stylish high tea.
I couldn't say why so
But Mr. Piso
Was much more sedate than was his wont
to be.

And so Mr. Prigg kept his eye on Sir Piso,
And watched him quite carefully all the
meal through,
And while he so eyed him,
He presently spied him
Slip a fine silver tea-spoon down into his
shoe.

Sempronius Prigg, when he saw Mr. Piso,
Thought that a remarkably provident
act.
Accordingly, he soon
Was poking a tea-spoon
Away in his pocket with subtlest tact.

But the hostess she happened to see this
manœuvre,
And asked our firiend what he was trying
to do.
Now that was a very
Embarrassing query
And to ask him before a whole table-full,
too.

But Prigg very promptly responded "Well, Madam,
"I was going to show you a neat little game;
"Of course you don't know it,
"But I will now show it,
"I'm a slight-of-hand artist of no little fame.

"Now, Madam, I'll take this most elegant teaspoon,
"And it goes into my pocket, as every one sees,
"And now I am able
"While still at this table
"To send this same teaspoon wherever I please.

"Now this is a wonderful, rare exhibition,
"But still if you please I will show it to you.
"Now *Spirito Venito*
"*Presto tu chango.*
"You will now find your spoon in that gentleman's shoe."

THE EDITORS' PICNIC.

Battle Creek *Moon*—July, 1885.

Thirty little editors
All in town to-day,
Thirty pair of little feet
On the stony way.
Thirty little whistles dry,
Lots of thirst to slake,
Thirty little street-car fares
Out to Gognac lake.

Thirty little editors
Seeking for some fun.
Thirty little Sunday coats,
Shining in the sun.
Thirty little pocketbooks
Getting awful lean:
Thirty little appetites,
Ponderously keen.

Thirty little journalists
Came to celebrate.
Thirty little notices
Will describe the *fete*.
Thirty little stomach-aches
Witness to the fact.
That thirty little supper-plates
Nothing tothsome lacked.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

One by one our strange delusions
Vanish at the break of day,
One by one our dreams grow vapid,
And our fancies fade away.

I had heard of a maid of most wonderful
grace,
An olden-time maid of heavenly face,
A fairy ideal of all that was fair,
And certain all masculine hearts to ensnare.
Dame Rumor had painted a picture for
me,
Such as seldom is given for mortals to
see.
'Twas a girl of some seventeen summers
or so,
Whose hand was as white as the wind-
driven snow
Her form of such beauty and exquisite
mould,
As to rival the world-famous statues of
old.
She had long, glossy ringlets of raven-black
hair,
And despite her black eyes, she was won-
drously fair.
Of sweet disposition, o'erflowing with
mirth,
An olden-time nymph on this prosaic
earth, —
A fairy ideal of all that was fair,
And certain all masculine hearts to ensnare.
Dame Rumor had painted this picture for
me
Such as seldom is given for mortals to see.

"But the sails we see on the ocean
"Are as white as white can be,
"While never a one in the harbor
"As white as the sails at sea."

One night at a party I happened to see
What my friends had so long been describing to me.
She sat on a sofa, — upstairs in the hall.
I saw her in passing — one short glance was all.
Then I came in the parlor, shook hands with mine host,
Saluted the ladies assembled, and lost
The first bashful tremble that anyone feels
When a first glance around him the gay throng reveals.
Then, after a moment this goddess of grace
Appeared; and the light of her beautiful face
Like a ray of pure sunlight o'ershadowed the hall,
As it fell on fine jewels and dazzled them all.
I was soon introduced to the beautiful maid.
To be sure she *was* beautiful, although arrayed
In a costume that some might consider to
Cut too low in the neck by a goodly degree,
I said I was much pleased to meet her, and then
I was filled with ecstatic enjoyment, when,
While a puzzled expression her features o'erspread,
Came a very loud "Huh?" from the lips rosy red.

"The clouds that crown the mountains
"With silver and gold delight
"Turn to cold gray mist and vapor,
"E're ever we reach the height."

When we went to refreshments I happened to sit
Very near her, and watching the bright shadows flit
O'er her countenance, soon to the lady I spoke,
And by and by ventured a very weak joke.
And the nymph sweetly smiled, and her pearly teeth shone
Between lips that would rival a goddess' own,
And in tones of clear cadence, as sweet as could be,
The beautiful fairy informed me that she
Should consider it too much to ask of mine host
To feed me for nothing, and she thought that most
Any fellow who ate in that starved-kitten way
Should at least have *some* mercy, and offer to pay.
And her goodly advice had considerable weight
When she charmingly added "Don't swallow that plate!"

"Ah, the mountains wear crowns of glory
"Only when seen from afar.
"And the sails loose all their whiteness
"Inside the harbor bar."

The music was playing in quick, stirring time,

And the fairy had honored a young friend
of mine
With her hand for the polka, and in the
glad host,
And the whirlpool of dancers were both
them lost
From my sight for a moment, then once
more they glance
In the light of the whirling and dizzying
dance.
She was talking and laughing the whole
of the while,
And was beaming upon him her most
beaming smile.
Then, without any warning, the lovely maid
stopped.
To her own scanty costume her matchless
eyes dropped,
And her heavenly smile I shall never forget
As "Golly!" she said, "Ain't I *drippin'*
with sweat?"
My friend, who, dumbfounded, stood glued
to the spot,
Said he couldn't quite tell, but believed she
was not.

"Oh Distance, thou fair enchantress!
"Still hold in the magic vale
"The glory of far-off mountains,
"The gleam of the far-off sail!"

OFFENSIVE PARTISANSHIP.

When a man in the opposite party
  Is upright, and honest, and square,
When he quietly minds his own business,
  And is accurate, courteous, and fair:
When all other charges miscarry
  And they're dying to hit him a clip,
Then they enter that blackest of charges,
    Offensive Partisanship.

There are often good reasons for lying.
  It is not a dishonor to steal,
In fact if you're always successful
  It is highly *eclat* and genteel.
There may be excuses for murder
  The sweet wine of vengeance to sip,
But never can anything warrant
    Offensive Partisanship.

In the most of the other offenses,
  There are ways of escaping the law,
There are ways of evading and dodging,
  And of finding a technical flaw,
But although you be sly as Ulysses
  Never hope you can give them the slip
If you're up on that worst of all charges,
    Offensive Partisanship.

Here's Jinkins, he's got a big backing
  That shows he is fit for some place,
It shows how the people all love him,
  And how he should Perkins displace.

Then why should they tarry a moment
  Since Jinkins is ready and flip,
And Perkins deserves to be banished
    For Offensive Partisanship.

Then Blinkins thinks he ought to have it
  For certainly Perkins must go.
And Postmaster-General Vilas
  Is a great friend of Blinkins, you know.
O why don't they put him in office,
  And give Mr. Perkins the slip?
He's forfeited all but his freedow
    By Offensive Partisanship.

Then Dinks, backed by Congressman Gilkins,
  Is another quite suitable man,
He is rather too modest to push things,
  But he's doing the best that he can.
They are all rather blushing and bashful
  To keep a good stiff upper lip,
But they're all of them many times better
    Than offensive Partisanship.

If you're drunk, you're unlucky, *poor fellow*,
  And they'll handle you gently in court.
If you lie, it's because you're obliged to;
  If you steal, it's because you are short.
If you murder, of course you are crazy,
  But you ought to be hung if you're nipped
For that blackest of human outrages —
    Offensive partisanship.

MORAL AND SEQUEL.

If you're thinking of making a potpie
  Of some chicks that you're going to catch,

Don't invite all your friends in to dinner
Till those dear little chickens are hatched.
For between the fresh eggs and the potpie
There is many and many a slip.
Sometimes little chickens get frightened
At Offensive Partisanship.

THE CUCUMBER.

I'm a little cucumber, and don't care
a cent
Who I am, or where came from. On
mischief I'm bent.
I'm a hard little cucumber, crooked
and green.
I'm a tough little cucumber, wicked
and mean.

You may talk of grim Capital grinding
the poor,
Or of Anarchy's vengeance, so awful
and sure.
You may talk of the heart-aches — the feelings
that gall —
I can torture humanity worst of them all.

Let him try to get out of my grip if
he can,
But if ever I once get a-hold of a man,
I can wring him, and twist him till woe
is his lot.
I can tie him all up in a double bow-knot.

I can pucker him up till he crawls on
the ground,
I can jerk him, and yank him, and kick
him around,
Until he cannot tell from the way that
he feels
Whether he stands on his head or his
heels.

I can gether him up with a pucker-snatch
string.
I can double him over, and then I can
wring
From the depths of his heart the most
harrowing moan,—
Make him howl bloody-murder, perspire,
and groan.

You may gather all wickedness man ever
ate
And you never can find the green cucum-
ber's mate;
You may gather all tyrants of whom poets
sing,
But the little green cucumber always is
king.

LITTLE LESSONS.

Children, you must love each other.
Must be ever kind and true.
You must always kick at others
If they try to kick at you.

Learn life's precious little lessons
As the little moments fly.
If a little playmate hit you
Stick your finger in his eye.

It is sweet to do to others
As you'd have them do to you.
That's the way to do — providing
That they'll do the same way too.

You can't be a little angel.
Flying 'mid life's summer flowers.
Little wings get awful dirty
In this wicked world of ours.

What's the use of teaching children
That this life's a sunny vale, —
That the good will always prosper
And the bad will always fail?

Lives of great men all remind us
We must work, and toil, and slave.
And, departing, leave behind us
All the cash that we can save —

Cash that our relations lawyers
Will divide with fiendish glee.
Just because they're somewhat sharper
And have better sense than we.

ONWARD.

Why all this hurry, hurry,
This jeopardizing health?
Why all this worry, worry,
To gain enormous wealth?
Is not enough a plenty?
Why fret and get the blues
When we've enough already,
And more than we can use?

We must keep trying, trying,
And close attention give,
But what's the use of dying
To gain the means to live?
With money in our pockets
And money in the bank
Why work till health is drudgery
And life itself a blank?

Why not be learning, learning,
Of all that's great and high?
Why always yearning, yearning,
To lay more money by?
Why should a man keep working
And saving till he dies?
What earthly good is money
Except for what it buys?

Keep all art nigher, nigher,
The fruits of brush and pen.
They lift us higher, higher,
And make us better men.
Keep learning, keep improving,
Through all the work and strife.
Keep laboring, and rising,
And get some use of life.

GO HOME.

Yes, wise is the classical student
  Who delves in the tombs of the past,
And wise he who knows all the planets,
  And the laws of the distant and vast.

And wise is the man with politeness
  Bred deep in the flesh and the bone.
But wiser than these is the fellow
  Who always knows when to go home.

A man may be strikingly handsome
  And his manners and bearing be fine.
He may be entertaining and witty,
  And may all of the graces combine.

A man may be otherwise perfect.
  But for that single failing alone
He ought to be pitched out the window,
  If he doesn't know when to go home.

Do not sit until your entertainers
  Seem to gape off the top of their heads,—
Until everybody is sleepy,
  And is pining to go to bed.

Do not stay till the story you're telling
  Gets wearisome, tired, and slow.
Do not stay till you hear them whisper
  "O gracious! Why don't he go?"

Don't stay till the talk grows stupid,
And every question lags.
Don't stay till time hangs heavy,
And conversation drags.

Don't stay till they answer your question
By starting up from a doze.
Don't stay till the tongues grow weary,
And the eyelids all but close.

Don's stay till your hosts retire,
And leave you talking alone.
Don't stay till you hear them snoring,—
But Suffering Moses!—Go HOME!

Go home, where a downy pillow
Awaits your empty head.
Go home to your humble wigwam.
Go home and go to bed.

And when you lie in your chamber
All silent, and calm, and alone,
Just pray that you may grow wiser,
Till you know enough to go home.

THE MUGGINS FAMILY.

The Rothschild family boasts of wealth,
And the Medici family of old
Could boast of their vessels on every sea
And their coffers filled with gold.
The great Smith family too can boast
Of a wonderful family tree
That is spreading its branches in every clime,
And it stretches from sea to sea.

But of far greater range than all others
I've told,
And broader in branches, and richer in gold,
And more widely famous than any of these,
And fanned by the waftings of every breeze,
In every country and in all time,
In every kingdom and every clime,
Is the world-wide Muggins family.

I think that as long as the worlds remain
The Muggins family will be the same.
They always have, and they always will
Be a cold air-damper,—a sort of chill
On every effort to move ahead.
They lack vitality, seem half dead.
They have some brains, but they seem to mope,
With no ambition and little hope.
They can't get out of the ruts and lines.
Of the slower methods for earlier times.
Their heads resemble Milwaukee brick.
Their thoughts are slow, and their brains
are thick—
This famous Muggins family.

Spreading its branches in every clime,
It is holding its membership all the time.
For each one that fadeth another is born.
And every vesper and every morn
Finds the number the same in the ranks
each day.
As the army of Mugginses keeps on its way.
You will find them in every path of life.
But in all the struggle and all the strife
They are always the same. They are always
a bore.
They tell you things that you've heard before.
For their heads are thick and their eyes
are blind.
They are always befuddled and always
behind —
This wonderful Muggins family.

They are stubborn and stolid, you'll always find.
And never a Muggins changes his mind.
They are seldom prosperous — seldom rise.
There is too much dust in their sleepy eyes.
No chance or opening they discern.
They stupidly plod, and they never learn.
For they never do anything keen or quick.
Their brains are cloudy, and tough, and
thick —
This wonderful Muggins family.

You can easily pick out, as a rule,
The little Mugginses when at school.
They are always stupid and dumb in class.
They seldom manage to more than pass.
And though they study to some degree,
They never appreciate, never see
What the teacher is driving at, and in vain

The question or problem does she explain.
They usually stand and vacantly gap
Or sit and absently take a nap.
They are not very troublesome—only thick.
Their intellects clog, and their reasonings
stick;
And the teacher finds it's beyond her reach
To interest, waken, instruct, or teach
These sprouts of the Muggins family.

Then they grow, and strengthen, and stupify,
Till they're full-fledged Mugginses by and by.
And they go into business in some small way
And go through the routine, day by day.
If they get the patronage that they need
They generally manage to half succeed.
But if competition is brisk and strong
These cloudy Mugginses can't stand long.
So they move to some smaller, cheaper place
And there they mope at their chosen pace.
And they're peaceful and happy, and there
they stay
Till they're feeble, and palsied, and old, and
gray.
For they can't go faster, or push, or plan.
And they know no more than when they be-
gan—
This famous Muggins family.

And when a Muggins is past his day.
When he yields to the pressure of youth's de-
cay,
When he steps aside from the active line
And waits for the finishing hand of Time,
When he's failed fair Fortune's smile to entice
Then his best delight is to give advice.
He can give you any advice you need.

He can tell you how you can best succeed.
He speaks from experience's lofty height.
As if he had won, and not lost, the fight.
If you ever start on a new device
You will get a plenty of Muggins advice
From these sires of the Muggins family.

There are Mugginses all of the wide world o'er.
If you seek to escape them you'll find some more.
And you'll think, if you watch them with half your sight,
That the threadbare motto of Puck is right.
And perhaps, if you watch with too scrupulous care
You may conclude that the largest share
Of all the creatures that grace this earth.—
That the most of us mortals belong by birth
To the famous Muggins family.

BASE-BALL.

Had I tried to seek distinction
About fifty years ago,
There are many facts and figures
That I might have had to know.
But to-day if I the ladder
Of success would wish to climb,
I can catch high-flying fortune
In a base-ball nine.

I see no use of studying,
Of books and all of that.
I prefer to catch my knowledge
Red-hot, from off the bat.
I wouldn't be a scientist,
A teacher, or divine,
I can draw a better salary
In a base-ball nine.

Playing third, or first, or second,
I can put grief out, each day,
And I never muff a dollar
If it chance to come my way,
For when lecturers are starving,
And when journalists repine,
I am pitching in the money
With my base-ball nine.

When life's innings are all over,
When that great match game is done,
When I go to hear the verdict
Whether I have lost or won,
With my tallies, hits, and errors,
I will calmly wait in line
To be batted o'er the river
With the base-ball nine.

BUSINESS.

I sometimes think, and know, and feel
How much like hard, inhuman steel,
How soulless in its search for gold,
How unrelenting, keen, and cold
Is business.

When cash is scarce and times are tight
Men seldom think of wrong or right.
When present needs must be supplied
Fair theories can't be gratified—
That's business.

There's little sympathy or heart
In all the money-making art.
Our feelings harden as we plod,
For money is the only God
Of business.

But shall we loose all thought and sight
Of what is wrong and what is right?
Must all that's lofty and divine
Be sacrificed before the shrine
Of business?

While striving for our daily bread
Must all our better self be dead?
Will not kind Fortune smile as fair
If we are human, just and square
In business?

ANN ARBOR.

I can see it all as plainly
As if it were only a day
Since I was off for college
As verdant as new-mown hay.
I rather admired Ann Arbor,
As I sauntered along the street;
I had passed the examinations
And was heavy with self-conceit.

I was sizing up all the buildings
And gazing at all I could see,
When over the way some students
Got their eagle eye on me.
And 'twas troubling to the spirit
And galling to the flesh
The way they stared a moment
Then shouted "Ah there, Fresh!"

Now I can't tell how they knew me,
But certainly it would seem
There was something about my make-up
That looked most awful green.
I was very vexed and annoyed,
But I never turned my head,
I straightened back my shoulders
And strutted right ahead.

Well, for some weeks 'twas quiet,
Then, sounding from afar,
There came the heavy thunder
Of fast-approaching war.
I didn't like the racket
And wasn't out much nights,

I didn't like the rushes
And didn't like the fights.

I lived in mortal terror
For midst that awful din
The chance of my escaping
Was most extremely thin.
And so to save the lay-out
For arnica and lint,
I wrote a little poem
And put it into print.

TO '87.

Ann Arbor Chronicle.

I'm a guileless and innocent Freshman
And my troubles have long since commenced.
I have gone through with most of the hardships
But I haven't been over the fence.

I was out at the big game of football.
(I'd not gone if I'd had any sense).
In the rush I got mashed to a jelly
But I haven't been over the fence.

I came home from the social in terror,
For the howl of those Sophs was immense.
I have suffered in anticipation,
But I haven't been over the fence.

And when'er I go out, of an evening,
I'm disturbed with misgivings intense,
For I haven't gone through with the programme
Till I get lifted over the fence.

Now I want this anxiety ended,
And I hope the Sophs won't take offence
When I ask, as a brotherly kindness,
That they'll soon put me over the fence.

Brother, fear not my fists or my muscle.
I will not make the slightest defence,
But I'll yield to the Sophomores' kindness,
And go peacefully over the fence.

Come now, generous, kind '87,
Do not keep me so long in suspense.
Call around on the first pleasant evening
And bundle me over the fence.

S. W., '88.

Well, the stiff-necked generation
Of skeptics all deny
That prayer is ever answered
From the throne of Grace on high.
But we'd all be in clover,
And revelling in bliss
If all our prayers were answered
As promptly as was this.

Over I went before breakfast
In the morning's misty light,
Over the fence at noontide,
Over the fence at night.
Over the fence in the starlight
By the college air-line route.
Over the fence by moonlight,
Over the fence is out.

* * * * * * *

The class-room work went steady.
With little startling or new.
The work was very heavy.
And very tedious, too.
There were some things very pleasant.
And some things rather rough.
Some Profs were very gentle
And some were very tough.

But of all the petty rulers
We tremblingly obeyed.
Of all the graven idols
To whom the Freshman prayed.
Of all the white-winged seraphs
That on a rostrum sat.
Of all the soaring angels.
The saintliest was "Pat."

TRIBUTE TO "PAT."

"Pat" had a dream one balmy night,
When everything was still.
He saw a phantom clad in white
Upon his window-sill.
He asked it why it left this earth
To join the mighty dead.
That phantom grinned a fiendish grin,
And this is what it said:

"One day I had my Lysias learned,
"And all the grammar knew.
"And sadly I kept thinking whom
"I must recite it to.

"A fairy came and told me I
"Could join the phantom host.
"I only was too glad to die,
"So here I am — a ghost."

They weren't all as tough as that —
These teachers that we had —
Some one or two were really good.
And several weren't bad.
A few were quite obstreperous.
But nearly all the rest
Would help a student if he worked
And tried to do his best.

Full many classmates left our ranks
Before we'd scarce begun.
Some left who couldn't do the work,
And several got the run;
And others left because they flunked.
Some had so go away.
But the honest reason why *I* left
Was 'cause I didn't stay.

I sometimes have a pitying thought.
I sometimes heave a sigh.
When I think how bad that college felt
The day I said good-by.
My heart went out in pity then,
I had a mind to stay,
But I put all thoughts of kindness down
And firmly turned away.

IN THE PLAY.

Sometimes when at the play I see
What seems a different world to me.
What great and fine things people do!
How kind they are, how good and true—
In the play!

The ones who work, and hope, and strive,
Before the end are sure to thrive.
And maidens fair and gallants bold
Prefer true love to heaps of gold—
In the play.

Enduring justice will requite
The great, eternal laws of right.
There's always good for honest men.
Truth crushed to earth will rise again—
In the play.

And loves are constant to all time.
And true hearts beat in perfect rhyme,
With each to each in sweet accord.
And virtue reaps its own reward—
In the play.

There comes a time when grief is past.
The noblest stand approved at last.
The mean and wicked are put down.
And the righteous get their earthly crown—
In the play.

TO-MORROW.

Oh! day to all our hearts so dear!
Thou art so far that seem'st so near
So close at hand, yet never here—
To-morrow.

How rich we'll be—how blithe and gay
Upon that great bonanza-day
When everybody wants to pay—
To-morrow.

When painful duties gall and irk
In that fair word doth pleasure lurk
'Tis sweet to think of doing work
To-morrow.

And still, until the judgment day
At that same distance thou wilt stay,
Thou visionary, far-away
To-morrow.

BETWEEN THE DANCES.

'Twas a winter's night, and the room was bright
With the dancers' merry whirl,
And the easy grace and the laughing face
Of many a lovely girl.
And jewels glittered, and young hearts beat
To a beautiful fairy rhyme:
While over the glistening floor the feet
Went hurrying all the time.

I doubt if I ought, but I watched and thought.
These girls can charm and please:
And manners they know, and sweet words flow
With a wonderful grace and ease.
They can simper, and giggle, and smile on the boys,
And glide o'er a slippery floor;
They can talk of the weather and dress in the style.
But they're not good for anything more.

But then came a soberer second thought.
And it said that I shouldn't forget,
While girls are giddy and like to dress.
There's a few that know something yet.
There's a few even now who are "old true blue,"
And they're giddy and gay as the rest:
And their laugh is as light on a moonlight night,
And they dance with the same live zest.

You never can tell till you know them well.
But some of these lightest hearts
You know and you feel are as true as steel.
When the flush and the smile departs.
And men will flatter, and men will flirt.
And never will think or care.
If the smile is light and the face is bright.
Whether there's honesty there.

But, boy, your mother should be your guide—
From her your comparison be.
Just ask of your conscience if your best girl
Is as true and as noble as she.
Yes, stick to your mother, you fresh young
kid,
And pay her attention too.
It will do no hurt if you fail to flirt
With each girl you ever knew.

And then, if you've proven yourself a man.
You will stand a much better show.
Some day when you happen to fall in love
And had rather hear "Yes" than "No."
For when they are flirting with all the girls.
Young fellows must not forget.
While girls are giddy and like to go.
There's a few that know something yet.

If you save your pelf and behave yourself.
You will stand some chance to win
A girl of a style that is worth your while.
When you make up your mind to begin.
A girl who is noble enough to grace
The best that you ever can give,
Who is happy and bright, whose heart is light.
And who finds it a pleasure to live.

But who, if misfortune should ever come,
  Could lay aside her train,
And roll up her sleeves with a healthy vim,
  And help you to rise again.
A girl who could tend you, if you were sick,
  With as tender and loving care
As your mother used to in days gone by,
  And could that same patience bear.

Yes, stay with your mother, you fresh young
    kid,
  And see if you can't repay
A part of the trouble and self-denial
  You caused her many a day.
Stay with your mother until you can win
  A girl who's an honor to you—
Then give your life to your chosen wife,
  And start in the race anew.

MAKE A NOTE ON.

All along this wicked world,
    Make a note on.
Wisdom's banner is unfurled.
    Make a note on.
If you'd be a learned seer,
Watch what things are strange and queer.
Everything you see or hear,
    Make a note on.

If you're scoffed or treated ill,
    Make a note on.
These rebuffs are only drill.
    Make a note on.

Never show the shaft that hits.
No true brave a wound admits.
Watch your foes and give 'em fits —
Make a note on.

Every time you're treated well
Make a note on.
By ingratitude man fell —
Make a note on.
Do not judge the motive base
If you're helped along apace.
Don't think kindness commonplace —
Make a note on.

Every time you slip or fail,
Make a note on.
Lamentations won't avail —
Make a note on.
'Tis not the first bad slips we make
That hinder what we undertake,
But don't repeat the same mistake —
Make a note on.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ETIQUETTE.

As no book would be complete without some advice on etiquette, I will offer a few practical rules of behavior for the benefit of an intelligent public.

In this age of science, extravagance, and bankruptcy, perhaps no one thing is more neglected than etiquette, unless it be truth. Etiquette is the science of appearing, on all occasions, perfectly proper, placid, and pleasant. As nobody *is* that way on all occasions, the science of etiquette teaches how to lie most pleasingly. Anybody can lie — that's easy — but to lie pleasantly, neatly, and gracefully requires both study and practice. Many other authors have written upon this all-important subject, but if I can say anything that is instructive, or that will in any way assist anybody, I shall be filling a long felt want.

The young people of America are allowed the greatest possible liberty in their social intercourse. It is entirely proper for young gentlemen to make themselves agreeable or disagreeable to the unmarried ladies of their acquaintance, and young ladies may, with propriety, accept invitations and receive calls from any young gentleman of good moral character, or from wealthy young gentlemen anyhow.

An English writer has defined etiquette as the "Minor morality of life," but I cannot see any good reason why

adults should not behave themselves as well as minors. Some vulgar people think that all the direction etiquette needs is gentlemanly or ladylike instincts and a little common sense. This is, however, an erroneous impression. In the most modern and high-toned society etiquette has nothing to do with common sense.

Introduction is said to be the high road to acquaintanceship. If this be so, there must be a great many people who jump the fence and go across lots. Such a proceeding is very improper indeed. I like the Frenchman who sat and watched a man drown because he "had never had ze honour of an introduction to ze zhentleman in ze water." I hate to see people disregard etiquette, especially in the matter of introductions. I like to see them stand around and gape at each other until somebody happens along to introduce them.

In American society the forms of salutation are varied. A favorite way with some gentlemen is to place the right hand on the back of a friend, between the shoulders, in a manner calculated to loosen his store-teeth. This method of salutation is of additional merit as a test of friendship. If the person so saluted does not knock the top of your head off, he is a true friend. Perhaps the most common method of salutation is shaking hands. There are various ways of performing this ceremony. Many gentlemen, in shaking hands, endeavor to press a friend's knuckles through into the palm of his hand. Others get a good firm grip on you and work your shoulder out of joint. Still others poke three fingers at you in a way that makes you feel the same as when somebody dropped a cold raw oyster with vinegar on it down the back of your neck.

Shaking hands with a lady is one of the Lost Arts.

It is very possible that a little instruction on this point might be accepted. In shaking hands with a lady you want to incline your body slightly forward, and turn you head slightly upward, with a soft and graceful, yet pleading and half timid movement, like a boy climbing a barbed wire fence with a fifty-pound watermelon. Look into her eyes with a pleasant smile. Beam upon her your most winsome beam. Say something you have heard some other idiot say on a similar occasion, and in the meantime shake her hand moderately, but firmly.

Circumstances sometimes render it necessary to discontinue an acquaintanceship. The process is termed "cutting" an acquaintance. Some acquaintances are a little like boarding-house steak in this regard. Boarding-house steak that is rare cuts easy, and conversely, boarding house steak that cuts easy is rare. It is about so with acquaintances, except that they may be expected to rare when you cut them—that is, if you give them the cut direct. You never can give boarding-house steak the cut direct, except with a buzz-saw. It is so with some acquaintances. If failing to bow does not cause your friend to suspect that your feelings for him are not of the fondest, it is polite to say to him "Huh? Who are you?" If this proclamation does not convey to his mind a suspicion that you do not desire to prolong the acquaintance, you had better make faces at him.

There are a great many people who behave well in other respects, but who at table remind one of the old conundrum, "What is a little pig doing at the same time that he eats his broth?" "He is making a hog of himself."

If by publishing a few rules for the table, I can induce one man who now wipes his hands on the tablecloth

to come up and take higher ground, and wipe them on his vest. I shall feel amply compensated for my pains.

While you are at dinner do not take up a raw oyster on your fork, say it it seems to you it wiggles, and ask your host if it is dead. Remarks about death should never be made at the table.

In eating cherries or other fruit with stones or seeds, do not make a putty-blower with your lips to fire the stones onto your plate, but remove them from your mouth with your napkin, and then either toss them gently under the table or slide them into your neighbor's pocket.

At the breakfast table, strict etiquette need not be observed. Breakfast is the one meal at which it is allowable to omit all the minute requirements of etiquette and act perfectly easy and natural. If you desire to eat with your knife at breakfast you may do so. You may rise and leave the table without asking to be excused. You may close your lips over more food than your mouth will accommodate, and hold it in with your fingers. In fine, you may act perfectly natural.

Many physicians are at present recommending driving in the open air as a cure for consumption. The beneficial effect of driving depends upon the turnout. Anybody's health will be more improved by driving out with a span and driver than it will be by plying the gad on an old wheezy plug from over a broken dashboard. No physician need recommend driving if the patient hasn't anything but a mule and dump-cart. The scheme won't work, and frequently the mule won't, either. A gentlemen, in driving with a lady, will always see to her comfort and pleasure. In alighting from a carriage, a gentleman must be careful not to trample upon or crush a lady's dress. The lady will

exclaim "Don't step on my dress!" as a delicate hint that the gentleman is usually very awkward. A gentleman will assist a lady to alight from a carriage. He stands by the side of the carriage step and offers the lady his hand. The old way of performing this same ceremony is even now seen occasionally. By this method the gentleman puts his foot on the wheel and reaches the ground by a sort of side lunge. He then stands directly in front of the carriage step and braces his feet, while the lady leans forward from the carriage box, puts her two hands on the gentleman's two arms, and comes down on him like an Alpine land-slide. This is very startling if you are not accustomed to it. I think that a gentleman ought to be notified when the avalanche is coming, so that he may make good his escape.

LEEDLE PIZZLEMIRES.

I haff in mine garten von leedle sherry drees. I vas blant him by der middle von dot garten als der shpring dimes. Dot dree vas grow, undt plossom, undt der leaves dey look so nice undt green as nefer vas. Aber dose leedle pizzlemires goomes, couple millions full, undt dey climbs oop dot leedle shtems, undt schews mit dheir moudt dose leaves up. Den I says to Katrina:

"Dose leedle pizzlemires vas schew oop dot leedle sherry drees. Aber I vas got after dem, undt I vill preak dem in peesness oop." Den she says:

"You don't can preak dem in peesness oop. Dey vas could fail undt shtart again. Pesides, dey vas couple

millions full, undt you vas only von." Den I vas mad. I says:

"Dot vas shust all der petter dese voomans reason can. I vas could pust dose pizzlemires, undt I goes right avay undt settles mit dheir hash in,—I vill, py gum!"

Den I goes undt gets some molasses syrips undt shprinkles him apout sex inches all dot shtems aroundt. Den I sitz me on der graass undt vaits. Undt pime py goomes von leedle pizzlemires, undt roons dot shtems oop, undt sticks by dot syrups undt shtops. Den he shqvirms, undt packs oop undt falls ofer himself, undt sits on his pack undt gicks mit his heels in der air oop. Und pime py goomes anodder leedle pizzlemires, undt roons dot shtems oop, undt sees dot syrips, undt shtops. Den he shqvints mit his eye, undt puts his foot in dot syrips undt eats some. Den he vinks mit der odder eye undt shmacks his bill undt says it vas goot. Den he denks if a leedle vas goot, dot vas mooch petter ven he gets all ofer in, so he shtands mit his head on, undt keels him ofer into dot syrips, undt shticks mit his pack py dot syrips, undt vaits.

Den goomes more pizzlemires, whole army full, undt tries to roon dot shtems oop, undt some shticks, undt some shtays oudt undt eats a leedle, aber dey don't schew mit dheir moudt dose leaves oop.

Den I schmiles, undt schmiles. Den I goes to Katrina undt I says:

"I dells you vot dot vas. Ven dose leedle pizzlemires denks dey haff some schnaps aroundt mine garten in, den dey vas got der wrong schickens py der horn. Hay? Ain't it?"

Den she don't say noddings, undt I schmiles me all ofer.

DOT SARDINES.

I vas heard so mooch apout a little fishes vot dese Yankees day gall a sardines. Oh, he vas so nice, undt shlick, undt shveet! Medenks I got von undt eat me somedings vat vas goot. So I goes mit a shtore in, undt I says, "Haf you got a sardines?" undt der feiler says, "A viddle shticks." Undt I says, "Nine, a sardines." Undt he says "I vas got no nine sardines, you vas der piggest sardines I vas seen anyvheres." Den I says "Nine, Nine, I vant me a sardines—von ot dose leedle fishes vat shvims mit der oil in. Haf you got him?" Den he gets von leedle pox und says "Dhere he is." Den I puts down a haluf a dollar undt he prings pack dhirty cents, undt medenks dot vas a rich fishes. Aber I dakes him home undt opens him. Vell, ef dot fishes vas feelin vell den I nefer vent anyvheres. He looks sick undt pillious, shoost like a shmashed vrogs. Medenks he vas gramped by der schtomach in, undt vas died mit der bain. Ach! he vas got no head, got no tail. He vas a shnides. I dakes him out undt looks him all aroundt at. He was awful dead. Medenks he vas no goot. Pime py I puts him pack mit his coffin in, undt dakes him oudt undt perries him, So he vill shleep so beaceful all der vhiles als der garten in, undt der next dimes I vants a dreats I vill py a codfishes.

MY MIDNIGHT VIGIL.

One night I was suddenly awakened from refreshing slumber by the unmistakable music of cats. Instinctively I sprang from my bed and seized the bootjack. I went to the window and looked out. Yes, there were the objects of my wrath — about a dozen cats in the middle of the road fighting their best. I raised the bootjack, but did not throw it. I suddenly became aware of the grandeur and beauty of the scene before me. I laid down the bootjack and drew a chair to the window. It was a faultless night. The silvery moon shone bright and clear from out a cloudless August sky. It flooded the landscape with a mellow light and shone like moulten gold in the glassy lake. Away to the east the dark, leaden waters of Pine Lake lay half hidden between the tall-wooded shores, while to the west stretched away the watery expanse of Lake Michigan. The cats were silent, and were admiring the landscape too. Slowly coming through the channel was the iron tug Bob Stevenson, and his heavy breathing was wafted to my ears. A gentle breeze rustled through the tall grass and moved the yielding branches of the trees. It was such a night as only Charlevoix can afford. All was still.

Suddenly a window was raised in the next cottage. Then silence again. I meditated. Surely these midnight belligerents remind me of something. Why not of Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul? Ah yes, surely. That big black and white one is Cæsar himself, only transformed by a strange freak of Buddhism. The big, yellow, ugly looking one is

Ariovistus. He is a bad egg. All the rest form the body-guard of these two. This meeting is the council concerning peace. My glance wanders to the next cottage. A human head projects from the window, then it is withdrawn. But see! There are signs of treachery in the council. Ariovistus looks Cæsar square in the face and remarks, "Y–y–n–e–o–ow–ow." Then the exercises are resumed with vigor. Presently the head and shoulders of a human form in white protrude from the window opposite, Ghosts! I shiver. But the ghost! What holds he in his firm right hand? It has the appearance of a double-barreled shot-gun. Ah, Cæsar! You are about to be ruined by the great modern invention of gunpowder!

There is a disturbance in the council. Cæsar has got his back up, and that always did forebode evil. *Click-click, click-click*, sounds out clear and sharp on the night air. The village clocks sound out the hour of midnight. All silence. Cæsar is preparing for battle, *Milites hortantur*. The ghost is taking aim. Things are coming to a crisis. I tremble with excitement. One instant more, and CRASH! BANG!! My very hair loosens at the roots as the ghost discharges both barrels of his gun in quick succession. You can never realize what a terrible, soul-jarring racket a shot-gun can make till you hear it break the dead silence of midnight.

What has become of the council? It is scattered — slightly. But noble Cæsar lies stretched at the foot of Pompey's telegraph pole,— dead. Poor, noble Cæsar! But yesterday the yeowl of Cæsar had been heard throughout the village. Now lies he there, and none so poor to steal his hide. That was the most unkindest shot of all. But the ghost puts down the curtain. 'Twas not that he loved Cæsar less, but that he loved peace more.

MATHEMATICS.

I don't like mathematics. Furthermore, I don't see any earthly use of studying them. There may be people who have to know about mathematics for business purposes, but for the common, average student to grind over the higher mathematics I think is folly. Algebra is a lot of mean arrangements of X plus Y, and X minus Y, and they are so fixed that when you once get into them you are like that chap in the Creton labyrinth — the more you work to get out, the farther you get into trouble. And Geometry — well, one can imagine how it might be useful to know the value of pie, or of one-half pie, or even one-sixth pie; and in connection with pie, it might be well to be able to compute the capacity of any given vacuum, but farther than this I see no use of Geometry.

A lucid imagination can conceive how Trigonometry might prove useful. If this world were a circle, and all the railway trains started from A, and kept moving around from right to left, and connected with the interior by means of narrow-guage sines and cosines; and if some of these trains had got in the habit of backing around negatively, and of occasionally flying off on a minus tangent, — I say if all this were true, then we might apply our Trigonometry,— but it isn't.

There are some fine points in Mathematics that cast a gloom over the brightness of most students. If your property is plus six and mine is minus six, it is easy to see that you are richer than I, but if your wealth is estimated at plus nothing and mine at minus nothing, I don't

see why I am not as rich as you. A mathematician would say "You are in theory, but not in practice." Maybe that is so, but I wouldn't give a cent for a theory that didn't assist reality.

Did I say that Mathematics were useless? I'll take it back. A lawyer once found them very useful. He had a misunderstanding with an Irish client, and the Irishman, being the stronger, threatened personal violence and insolently refused to leave the office. But education triumphed. The lawyer drew himself up to his full height, and set forth as follows: "Why, you awful right prism! The area of your lateral surface is equal to the product of your altitude into the perimeter of your *base*. Oh, you audacious rectangular parallelopiped! Your volume is equal to the product of the three edges of one of your triedrals. I tell you, sir, you are a right cylinder of *revolution*. Your convex surface is equal to the product of your axis into 2 *pie* times your radius, and if you don't describe a secant terminating in the concave arc of that door, I'll intersect your circumference in two places by means of a straight line."

The terrified Irishman gasped out "*Howly Mither, save us!*" and drew the aforesaid secant.

THE LADIES' TEA.

What boy has not received ladies at the front door who, in the absence of his female relatives, have committed to his lucid memory invitations to a ladies' tea? Or what boy has not attended a ladies' tea in the capacity of escort, and wished the ladies' tea was in Jericho, or possibly in a more tropical locality? I think it's mean to make a party and not invite the men too. Anyway, if they make them come that way, to see the ladies home, they ought to give them something to eat.

Never mind. I got even with the ladies' tea. There was one of these gay assemblages up in the west part of town awhile ago, and I attended. I took my note-book and pencil and I went to the ladies' tea. I sat on a little box just outside the window and took notes. I always wondered what they did at a ladies' tea party, and that evening I found out. A number of married ladies were imparting information to one unmarried lady upon the subject of MEN! One of the married ladies was holding forth on that all-important subject substantially as follows:

"Men are all about the same. Oh my! what funny creatures they are I don't believe there ever was a man who could find a shirt that fitted right I'm sure there never was one who could find a clean pair of stockings I guess my Mr. Jenkins is as good as any of 'em and he's *awful* queer one day last summer we were invited out to an afternoon party and I went and we waited and waited and *waited* and Jenkins didn't come and by and by he came and I says why *couldn't* you come earlier

and he says I couldn't find any clean stockings right out before all that company Oh I was so *mort*ified well that same company was coming up to our house that same evening and I says to myself I bet I'll fix John Henry Jinkins so I went to his bureau drawer he always has about twenty pairs of stockings in a pile and he never had but just one pair since I knew him that were exactly right and he always thinks it's my solemn duty to have that pair clean and he's always mad if they're to the wash as goodness knows they have to be sometimes well I went to his bureau drawer and I took the whole drawer-full of stockings into the parlor and I dumped them all onto the floor right before all that company and I said Henry it *does* seem as if you *might* have got on some clean stockings and come to that party in time well it cured him he has never said stockings to me since I've been married nineteen years and I tell you men are queer."

THE BANGLE-BOARD.

I am forced to remark,
In these fashionable days,
That for truly æsthetic
And curious ways
The ladies are very peculiar,
Which, the same, I will try to explain.

Away back, ten or fifteen years ago, there was a rage for making wall baskets. Everybody had to have something to hang on the wall to put papers in. These paper-holders were made of wire — not new wire, but little

flat strips of steel covered with white webbing. This material came from the garret, and was dissected as needed. Sometimes it was used with the white webbing on, and sometimes the webbing was pulled off. The strips of steel were bent in loops and tied with bright-colored worsted.

After awhile they began to make these wall-pockets of pasteboard and stick on all sorts of fancy paper ornaments. These paste-board wall-baskets were much more elaborate, and very handsome when new, but after they had hung in a warm room for awhile the mucilage hardened, the pasteboard warped and twisted, little children became frightened at them, and they had to be taken down.

Next came the perforated card-board. Mottoes were made of it with worsted, expressing the loftiest of sentiments in letters of more or less frightful deformity. Frames were made of it. Bait cans were covered with it for burnt matches, while near by hung a sheet of Number 1 sand-paper, lined with this same card-board and bearing the soul-harrowing legend, SCRATCH MY BACK. But all this is changed. The wall-basket is no more, the papers are all packed away, the little hoopsk——— the little flat wires, moulder in the garret, and the next in vogue is the bangle-board. Any girl can tell you what a bangle-board is. A bangle-board is a piece of a starch-box. It is covered with plush and stuck full of little hooks. It is then fastened upon the wall to hang things on. You can hang your watch on it, or your key-ring, or your button-hook. It is so nice! Perfectly lovely! Just as sweet as it can be! When you go to bed, you can take the things out of your pocket and hang them on the bangle-board. A bangle-

board is, perhaps, still more useful to a girl. She can burden it down with bangles, rings, brooches, chains, bracelets, and with very many of the other charms it may be her fortune to possess.

The bangle-board can enter successful competition with other boards. It is safer than the gaming board and cheaper than day board. It is more popular with the girls than the wash-board and the ironing-board, and they know more about it than they do about the kneading-board. It is far more æsthetic than the mop-board and less corrupt than the returning-board (they both being base boards). The bangle-board is more sensible than the checker-board, is richer than the frugal board, less dignified than the School Board, and more economical than the Board of Aldermen. It calls for less waste of brains than the chess-board, has fewer corners than the board of trade, and is not half as tough as the board you get at the average boarding-house. But, like every other freak of fashion, it will have to go by the board in time.

Taken all around, the bangle-board is quite an institution. But the wall-basket perished, the card-board faded away, the bait can reposeth in the back yard, and the festive bangle-board must die. When many years with their flying moments have swept along, the bangle-board will be laid by and forgotten, but some day some curious hopeful of a future generation will pull an old faded bangle-board out of his grand-mother's relic-box, and wonder what in creation the thing is, and what idiot invented it.

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